THE

MODERN CHARACTERS

FROM

SHAKESPEAR

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Shew *Virtue*, her own Feature.——*Scorn*, her own Image.

HAMLET.

LONDON:

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

MODERN CHARACTERS, &c.

The K——G.

HEAR him but reaſon in divinity,
And all admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the KING were made
a *Prelate!*
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe
Familiar as his garter. *Hen.* V. Act. I.

We learn,
By thoſe who know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out are of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigns. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority.
Governs Lord— *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act. I.

THE Q——N.

——Thou art alone
If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs, ſaint-like, wiſe-like government
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious could but ſpeak thee out
The Queen of earthly Queens. *King Hen.* VIII.

Pr—— of W——s.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd
He hath a tear for pity,—and a hand
Open as day for melting charity!
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humourous as winter! *Hen.* IV. Act III.

The Royal Children.

——————They are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head;—and yet as rough
(Their royal blood enchaf'd) as the rudeſt wind
That ſhakes the mountain pine! *Cymb.* Act IV.

A.

D—— of A——r.

I cannot tell
What heaven has given him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?
Henry VIII. Act I.

Ducheſs of A——le.

Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; and let me have a child of fifty. *Coriolanus.*

Earl

Earl of Ab—r—n.

There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

Merch. of V. Act. I.

Lord Ab—g——ny.

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo.

Two Gent. of Verona.

Lord A——r.

He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not;
I fear he will prove the *weeping Philoſopher* when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. *Hamlet*, Act V.

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an *inch thick*, to this complexion ſhe muſt come at laſt! *Ditto.*——*Ditto.*

I have heard of your painting too: God has
Given you one face, and you make yourſelf
Another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp,
And nick-name heaven's creatures, and make
Your wantonneſs your ignorance.

Hamlet, Act III.

Lady Ack——d.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! He is at Milford-haven;
How far is't thither? If one of mean affairs
May plod it an a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? *Cymb.* Act III.

Lord A——t.

I pray you let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian*'s cauſe. *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act. IV.

Lord Am——ſt.

Where's *Gloſter* now, that us'd to head the fray,
And ſcour the ranks where deadlieſt dangers lay?
How like a *Shepherd* in a lonely ſhade,
Idle, unarm'd, and liſt'ning to the fight?
Lear, Act V.

Sir Wm. A——ſt.

You wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange wife, and a foſſet ſeller; and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.
Coriolanus, Act II.

Att——y G——l.

That ſurly ſpirit, melancholy, has bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick. *King John*, Act II.

Sir J. St. A——n.

Not yet old enough for a *man*, nor young enough for a *boy:* as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a cod-

a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple; 'tis with him in a ſtanding water, betwixt boy and man.

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Capt. Ayſ——gh.

O that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes! ſpeaks brave words!—ſwears brave oaths! and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides. *As You Like It*, Act II.

Mrs. A————r.

What fifty of my followers *at a clap* within a fortnight! *King Lear*, Act I.

Juſtice Add————n.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating.

Rich. Act V. Scene 1.

One Arnold.

Why? then I ſee a very valiant rebel in that name.

Henry IV.

B.

Lord B———.

Hortenſio peace, thou know'ſt not gold's effect,
Is there one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
Be ſhe as old as Sybil, as cruſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling Adriatic ſeas;
I come to wive it wealthily, if wealthily, then happily. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act I.

Earl

Earl Bath——ſt.

Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little on the matter; anold man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but in faith as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Much Ado, Act III.

Mrs. B——by.

A pox of ſuch antic-*liſping*, affected fantaſies;—— theſe new tuners of accents! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we ſhould be thus tormented with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhionmongers—theſe *pardonez moys?*

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

D—— of B——n.

I bring word
Our ſhips are not well mann'd,
Our mariners, muleteers, and reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. No veſſel
Can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon taken as ſeen.

Ant. and Cleop. Act II.

Lady Bulk——y.

Tho' nature, with a beauteous wall,
Doth oft cloſe in pollution,—yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair, and outward character.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Duke

Duke of B——

Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf, on that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you,—for you have juſt his bleat!—
Ditto, Act V.

Duke of B—d——r.

He hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him!—He hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue ſpeaks. *Much Ado*, Act III.

Lord B—g—ke.

By your leave, ſweet ladies!
If I chance to talk wild, forgive me:——
I had it from my father.—He was very mad,
And kiſs'd you twenty with a breath,
As I do now! *Henry* VIII. Act I.

Lord B——l.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able!
Merch. V. Act I.

Lady P——e.

She's fair, and hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than any lady, winning from each
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out ſhines them all. *Cymbeline*, Act III.

Counteſs

Counteſs of B——l.

Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt day,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy.

Richard III. Act III.

E—— of B——e.

I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf;
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep. *Macbeth*, Act V.

The B——ps.

Who ſhall be pitiful if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace
If holy church-men take delight in broils?

Henry VI. Act III.

Lord Ed. B——ck.

'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant contrivance.

Merch. V. Act I.

Sir C—— B——.

I do know kinſmen of mine that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly. *Hen.* VIII. Act I.

Lady

Lady Bar——re.

'Tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Sir C—— B——y.

My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which ſhould *ſtand up*
Is but a mere quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.

As You Like It, Act I.

Lady Sarah B——y.

Adultery! thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery!
No: the wren goes to it, and the ſmall gilded fly
Letcher, in my ſight. Let copulation thrive!

Lear, Act III.

Gen. B——g——ne.

He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now he's turn'd *orthographer*, his words are a fantaſtical banquet.

Much Ado, Act II.

Fie on ambition, fie on myſelf that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five days have I hid me in the woods, and durſt not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer.

Second Part of *Henry* VI, Act IV.

I have led my troops where they have been peppered. *Henry* IV. Act I.

It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words. —Adieu valour, ruſt rapier—I am for whole volumes in folio. *Love's Labour Loſt*, Act I.

Lady B———re.

I deſire *all men's* love,
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed, of all.
King Richard III, Act II.

Lord B——rr——n.

———————— Some there are,
Who trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves,
And throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them—theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
Othello, Act I.

Colonel B———re.

The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes; when he walks he moves like an engine; he is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. *Coriolanus*, Act V.

————This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. *Lear*, Act II.

Sir C. Bam-

Sir C. Bamf—de.

After he ſcores he never pays the ſcore.
He never pays after-debts;—take it before.
All's Well, Act IV.

T——m B——cl——k.

The dozen white *Lowſes* do become
His coat well. *Merry Wives*, Act I.

Mr. B——k——r.

What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe? Elſe
You would feed on one another; what is't you ſeek?
Coriolanus, Act I.

Lady B——ton.

What ſays the married woman? You may go——
Wou'd ſhe had never given you leave to marry!
Let her not ſay,—'tis I that keep you here;
I have no pow'r upon you; her's you are.
Ant. and Cleopatra.

Lady P. Ber—e.

——When you ſpeak ſweet,
I'd have you do't for ever; when you ſing
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo:—when you do dance I wiſh you
A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Winter's Tale*, Act IV.

Mr. B——ke.

Yet I ſee
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpoſed, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes;
For who ſo firm that cannot be ſeduc'd?

Julius Cæſar, Act I.

The poſture of your blows are yet unknown,
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs. *Julius Cæſar.*

Lord Charles B——n.

His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles, his his heart as free from fraud as earth from Heav'n!

Two Gent. Verona.

Oldf—d B——les.

The beſt *actor* in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral comical, hiſtorical paſtoral, or ſcene individable!

Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 7.

Mrs. B——v——ie.

—All of her that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind as rare,
She is alone, th' *Arabian* bird, and I
Have loſt the wager! *Cymb* Act II.

Mrs.

Mrs. B——d——d.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Miſs Bur——l.

'Tis beauty blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Alderman B—ll.

Some ſtrange *Bull* leapt your father's cow, and got a calf in that ſame noble feat much like to you. *Much Ado*, Act. V.

Mr. B—bby.

Hey-day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!

Timon of Athens.

Mrs. B—dd——d.

I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes.—ſhe carves,—ſhe gives the leer of invitation!

Merry Wives, Act I.

Rev. Mr. B———.

What the *word* and the *ſword?* Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon?* *Merry Wives*, Act III.

J. B——ks, Eſq;

*J. B——ks, Eſq;**

I know a Bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine.

Mid. Night's Dream.

Mr. B———r. †

Like one, who having unto truth, by telling oft,
Made ſuch a ſinnner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Tempeſt.*

Richard B———r, Eſq; ‡

Here was a gentleman of Normandy, I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the French, and they can well on horſeback, but this gallant had witchcraft in't,

* Mr. B—ks was one day botanizing on the ſkirt of a common, in Kent, when the clowns of the village miſtook him for the Flying Highwayman, and after confining him, brought him before a Bench of country juſtices, where his own uncle happened to be one of the magiſtrates, which lucky circumſtance ſaved him further diſgrace and trouble.

† Remarkable for ſelling good French brandy, playing excellently on the German flute, and for telling for twenty years the friendſhip the late King of France had for him, with the full completion of his happineſs with that monarch's miſtreſs, Madam Pompadour, a fiction ſo often told, he now believes it himſelf.

‡ Author of the beſt book on horſemanſhip printed in the Engliſh language.

in't, he grew unto his ſeat, and to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe as he had been incorps'd and demy natur'd, with the brave beaſt.

Hamlet.

Mrs. B——ly.

Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm. *Othello.*

*C——ſs of B——l.**

—— Oh inſupportable! Oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhou'd be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.—— *Othello.*

D—— of C——d.

Suppoſe my path were even to the crown,
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,
Being a bark to brook no mighty *ſea*;
And God be thank'd there is no need of me.

King Richard, Act III.

God

* The preſent C. of B. when the late Duke of K. died, wrote a very extraordinary letter to his excellent friend the preſent D. of Newcaſtle, ſtuffed full of the moſt bombaſtic expreſſions. It began thus:

"When Julius Cæſar died the world was fill'd with prodigies; ſo yeſterday morning there was an amazing high wind, juſt as my dear Duke departed this life."

God hath bleſt you with a good name to be well favoured is the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by nature. *Much Ado*, &c.

Dncheſs of C———d.

Maids are *May* when they *are* maids; but the ſky changes when they are wives.—I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock over his hen; more clamarous than a *parrot* againſt rain: more new fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing like *Diana* in the fountain, I will do that when you are diſpoſed to be merry.

As You Like It, Act IV.

And didſt not thou deſire me to be no more familiar with common people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me *Grace?* And didſt thou not kiſs me? Deny it if thou can'ſt: I put thee now to thy *book oath!* *Henry* IV. Part II.

Lord C———m.

Your breath firſt kindled the dire coal of war,
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire;
And now it is too huge to be blown out.

King John.

I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte to my ſetting. *Henry* VIII, Act III.

O, he

O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Julius Cæſar.

Though we lay theſe honours on this man
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven as we point the way,

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

E—— of C——le.

He made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds.

Henry IV. Act I.

Light *vanity*, (inſatiate cormorant) conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf! *Richard* II.

Lady C——le.

The morn of Rome, chaſte as the icicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſtream,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple. *Coriolanus.*

Lady Carm——n.

Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres. *Rom. and Juliet.*

Lord Cholm——y.

Be heedful, youth, and ſee you ſtop by times,
Leſt that thy raſh ungovernable paſſions
O'erleaping duty, and each due regard
Hurry thee on to cureleſs woes,
And laſting penitence. *Rom. and Jul.* Act II.

Thank the heavens, Lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Fam'd be thy mighty parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all erudition.
Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

Lord C——————ry.

Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee my *ſon* for ever! *Lear,* Act I.

Lord. C——————n.

Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than for haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! *All's Well,* Act I.

The gentleman is learned; a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound, his training ſuch
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Henry VIII. Act I.

——When

——————When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And ſteals his ſweet and honied ſentences!

Henry V. Act I.

Lord Col——ne.

Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knows
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe to be,
Will his free hours languiſh out,
For aſſured bondage? *Cymb.* Act II.

Lord T. P. Cl—ton.

What is *pour quoi?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting! O had I but followed the arts! *Twelfth Night*, Act I.

Lord C—f—d.

He uſes his *folly* like a ſtalking horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his *wit*.

As You Like It, Act V.

General C——y.

Conſider this, he hath been bred i'th' wars, ſince he could draw a ſwoad, and is ill-ſchool'd in boaſted languages; meal, and bran together he throws without diſtinction.

Conſtance, Act III. Sce. 4.

This man has marr'd his fortune;
His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth. *Coriolanus*, Act III.

Sir C. C—tt—l D——r.

Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes*; believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety and great ſhew; the very card and calender of gentry. *Hamlet.*

Sir T. Cl——s.

You'll be ſo lean, the blaſts of January will blow you through and through. *Winter's Tale.*

Lady Ann Cov—y.

Oh! ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch like a burning glaſs.
Merry Wives, Act I.

Lady C——ke.

A lady ſo fair to be partner'd
With *Tomboys l*—Be reveng'd
Or ſhe that bore you was no queen,
And you recoil from your great ſtock!
Cymb. Act II

——Under

——Under your patience
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning:
Jove ſhield your huſband from your hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a *ſtag*.

Titus Adron. Act II.

Lady Al—— Car—r.

——Titled goddeſs!
And worth it with addition; but fair ſoul,
In your fond frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind.
You are no maiden, but a *monument!*

All's Well, Act III.

Sir W. Cun——m.

If I do not wonder how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, (not being a tall fellow) truſt me not!

Winter's Tale.

Lady Aug— Camp—l.

Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
As having ſenſe of beauty do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſoft go by
The divine *Deſdemona!* *Othello,* Act II.

Lady Croſ——ie.

——Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift, O *Ferdinand*
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off!
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind. *Tempeſt,* Act II.

Sir

Sir Rob. C——y — n.

Methinks I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Sir G—— C———r.

The inſolence of office. *Hamlet*, Act III.

*The Commiſſioners to America.**

A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and reveller. *Julius Cæſar.*

Lady Anne C———.

Now to my name my ſpirits prove my title,
I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life.
Come then, and taſte the flavour of my lips.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V.

A lady of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh here;—ſhe bore a mind, that envy could not but call fair!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Mrs.

* In February, 1778, Lord Carliſle, Meſſrs. Jackſon and Eden, were appointed to go out Commiſſioners to treat with the Americans on peace.

Mrs. C———w.

Good madam, let me ſee your face—
Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Twelfth Night, Act I.

Why if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one,—there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor, rude world,
Hath not her fellow——— *Merch. V.* Act III.

The new Com——ſſ——r and his S——ry.

Nay, 'tis moſt certain, the ſtalled rhymers
Ballad us out of time; *Anthony*
Will be brought perfum'd forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking mimic boy attend his greatneſs.
Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V.

Mr. C——rn——ll.

I knew a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
Richard III. Act III.

Mr. Cumb———d.

I'll rhyme you ſo eight years together, dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market;—this is the very

very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them? *As You Like It*, Act III.

It is even ſo? Repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt?
O let me think on *Haſtings*, and be gone—
Richard III. Act IV.

Miſs Curt—s.

If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dow'ry: be thou chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not 'ſcape calumny; Get thee to a nunnery! *Hamlet*, Act III.

Mrs. Jack C——ſh.

A Woman impudent and *manniſh* grown,
Is not ſo loath'd as an effeminate man
In time of act. *Troilus and Creſ.* Act III.

Mr. and Mrs. Ch—b—rs.

———Beſhrew my jealouſy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinion,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. *Rich.* Act II. Sce. 1.

Houſe of Commons.

My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like *tinkers* at this time of night?

Twelfth Night.

Lady

Lady C——n.

Tell me, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a fairer gentlewoman?
Such! war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle Heaven with ſuch beauty
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?

Taming of the Shrew. Act V.

The Com——ſſ——ers.

Have you a precedent for this commiſſion? I believe not any.
The ſubject's grief comes through commiſſions,
Which compell from each part of his ſubſtance,
And the pretence for this is nam'd the wars with France. *Henry* VIII. Act I.

The Cong—ſs.

——Why tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we'll pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute.

Cymbeline, Act III.

D.

D—— of D——re.

See where he ſteals!—Told I you not *Benvolio,*
That we ſhould find this melancholy walker
Lock'd in ſome gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary ſilence? *Rom. and Jul.* Act. I.

Oh, ſhe doth teach the porches how to ſhine!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand;
I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air.

Taming of the Shrew. Act I.

D—— of D——t.

Caſſio's a proper man;
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make woman falſe.

Othello, Act I.

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. A lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet, about you, Sir: I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Henry IV. *Part* I. *Act.* I.

E—— of D——h.

An honeſt willing fellow as ever
Servant ſhall come into the *houſe*

Withal

Withal—his worſt fault is, he is
Given to prayer. *Merry Wives*, Act. III.

Lord Don—l.

Sir, for a fifteen-pence he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation! *All's Well*, Act IV.

E—— of D——gh.

Neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or man, has ſo ſtrutted and bellowed that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made him, and not made him well, he imitated humanity ſo abominably. *Hamlet*, Act III.

Lord D——by.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite him with a ſerpent's curſe;
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander! *Othello*, Act IV.

Dorſet is fled to Richmond;
Stanley took to thy wife; if ſhe convey
Letters you muſt anſwer it.
Richard III. Act IV.

L—y D——y.

I will marry, Sir, at your requeſt, but
If there be no great love in the beginning,

Yet heaven may decreaſe it on better
Acquaintance—I hope on familiarity will
Grow contempt—but if you ſay, marry,
I will marry that I am fully diſſolved
And diſſolutely. *Merry Wives*, Act II.

Bleſſed live you long
A lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country called his, and you his miſtreſs only
For the moſt worthy fit. *Cymb.* Act II.

Lady D——rh—rt.

A wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbit!

Taming of a Shrew.

Lord Dart——h.

His champions are the prophets and apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ.

Henry VI. Act I.

Lord D————ſt.

Not for *Bythinia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereout glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide,
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd; therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my *father*'s friend.
Thus much deliver. *Winter's Tale*, Act IV.

Thou

Lady D——ſt.

Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I deny what I have ſpoke:
But farewel compliment! *Rom. and Jul.* Act I.

Lord Def——r.

Thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
And all the emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
As You Like It, Act II.

Lady D——ba——r.

Another taken from me too? Why juſt Heav'n,
And I ſtill left the laſt in life, and woe?
I muſt of force now ſink with ſorrow!
Richb. III. Act II.

The Hon. G—r—e D—m—r.

Pray thee take pains
To alloy, with ſome cold drops of modeſty,
Thy ſkipping ſpirit. *Merch. of V.*

Mrs. D——r.

——— Tell me thou *Wonder*,
Art thou a maid or no? *Tempeſt*, Act I.

Hath

Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? Say thou but ay,
And this bare little word ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!
Romeo and Jul. Act III.

L——n—l D—m—r.

Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is; why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head; though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes, why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal. *Taming of the Shrew.*

But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedict's* head? yea, and next underneath, "here dwells *Benedict* the married man?" *Much Ado*, Act V.

Sir E——d D——ng.

Thou giv'ſt ſo long, I fear
Thou wilt give thyſelf away in *paper* ſhortly.
Timon of Athens.

Sir John D——y.

Go to!—here's a ſimple line of life.—Here's a ſmall trifle of wives.—Alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man.
Merch. of V.

Sir

Sir L—— D——s.

The ſkilful ſhepherds peel'd me certain wands,
And ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes:
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Merch of V. Act I.

Mr. De G——y.

Young ravens muſt have food.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Mr. D——n——g.

Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enrich'd any
That we remember.——

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act I.

Mr. W. D——ke.

Why, what is Tibalt
More than the prince of cats? *Romeo and Jul.*

Mr. D——by.

Oh! when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool,
And tho' ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act III.

Ch——r

Ch———r D'E——n.

Queſtion, my lord, no farther of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the *breach* was made.
Pucelle hath bravely played her part.

A maid and be ſo martial?
Pray God ſhe prove not maſculine ere long.

Henry VI. Act II.

King of D———k.

You are a *villain!* I jeſt not: you have kill'd a fair lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. *Much Ado.*

E.

Lord Eff—n—m.

Who thinks he hath done well in people's eye's, hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout, giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt, whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or not!

Merchant of Venice.

Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
'Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented filed.

Othello, Act I.

Lord

Lord Egrem——t.

Between two *horſes* which doth bear him beſt,
Between two *girls*, which hath the merrieſt eye,
He has perchance ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment.
Henry VI.

Lord Ed———be.

Why love forſwore me in thy mother's womb?
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monſtrous thought! *Rich.* III. Act I.

I, that am rudely ſtamp'd and want love's grace,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph,
I that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Sent into this breathing world ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them. *Ditto.*

Lady Eg———n.

———Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me at all points like a man,
A gallant cutlaſs by my ſide;
A boar ſpear in my hand, (and in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing, and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
As You Like It, Act I.

Lord F——————th.

Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of a whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab; letchery, letchery ſtill wars, nothing elſe holds faſhion. *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V.

Lord F———y.

Come, come, return thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the reſt will yet receive you in their arms. *Henry* VI. Act III.

Hon. Mr. C—— F—x.

If I become not a *cart* as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!
Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act II.

As diſſolute as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. *Richard* II Act V.

Sir T. F——k——d.

———Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous!
Merch. V. Act IV.

Hon. Capt. F—zp—k.

Pleaſant without ſcurrillity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy.
Love's Labour Loſt.

Lady

Lady Louiſa F—zp—k.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atlanta's better part,
Sad *Lucretia*'s modeſty.

As You Like It.

If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where could he find a fairer? *K. John.*

Gen—l F———r.

Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould'ſt thou have,
As not a ſoldier of the ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral current thro' the world.

I. *Henry* IV. Act IV.

Lady G. Fitzroy.

One, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion, wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amazed me more than I dare blame my weakneſs.

All's Well.

Oh! when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, tho' ſhe be but little, ſhe is loud.

Mid. Night's Dream, Act III.

Sir John F——d—g.

——Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſharp lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear,
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all!

Lear, Act IV.

King of Franco.

He hath bought a pair of chaſte lips of *Diana:* a nun of a winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not ſo religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is on them!

As You Like It, Act III.

Queen of France.

You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs. *King John*, Act III.

G

D. of Gl——r.

His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own,
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf;
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd.

Hamlet, Act I.

D——ſs of G——r.

—— Stand forth, *Hermione*,
A ſhining proof that innocence can bear

Affic-

Afflictions ſharpeſt tortures unimpair'd,
And from the trial to the wond'ring ſight
Come forth more pure, more amiably bright!

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Duke of Graf—n.

What would you have
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that depends
Upon your favours ſwims with fins of lead.
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was once your hate.

Coriolanus, Act I.

——— I will go waſh,
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh or no. *Coriolanus.*

The Marquis and Marchioneſs of Granby.

If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young marquis every way compleat:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,

Left

Left to be finiſh'd by ſuch a *ſhe:*
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

King John, Act II.

E—— G———r.

You muſt be blaming *Martius*, who in a cheap eſtimation is worth all your predeceſſors ſince Deucalion, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Lord G——— G———.

Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all!

Hamlet, Act III.

All cauſes ſhall give way: I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er.
Strange things I have in hand———

Macbeth, Act III.

Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what vengeance can make bitter; but thoſe that are *Germain* to him, though remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Lord

Lord G——v——r.

If you buy lady's flesh at a million a dram,
You can't preserve it from tainting.

Cymbeline, Act II.

Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not;—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well favour'd. *Merry Wives*, Act I.

Lady G——v——r.

——— Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; bring down the rose cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet; plague all
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all erection.

Timon of Athens, Act IV.

Lord W—— G——

Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
Himself *Love's traitor!* this is pity now
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, thou should be
In such a love, so vile a lout as he!

King John, Act II.

George

A ſerving man, proud in heart, and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, that ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpoke words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n! *Lear.* Act III.

C—— G————n, Eſq.

——Pray you peruſe that letter;
You muſt not now deny it is your own hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this.

Twelfth Night, Act V.

Mr. G——k.

——I ſaw him once:
He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again!

Hamlet, Act I.

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command:
A combination, and a form indeed
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.

Hamlet, Act III.

Marquis of G——y.

Youth thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature rather curious than in haſte,

Hath

Hath well compos'd thee, thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too!
——————He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt.
——————— In his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
In our young lords; but they may jeſt,
'Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted.
Ere they can hide their levity in honour;
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them, * and his honour,
(Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak) and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

All's Well that Ends Well.

* The late Lord Granby feeling the ſharpneſs of the pen of Junius, with an honeſty of heart, read in the Houſe of Commons his recantation, for concurring with the miniſtry, and particulary voting with them in the famous debate on the Middleſex election.

H.

Duke of H———n.

Why then build me thy fortunes on the baſis of valor! Challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him: My niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world, can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report of valor.

Twelfth Night, Act IV.

Lord H———t———d.

He ſeems to be of great authority! cloſe with him; give him *gold*; and tho' authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold;—ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and more ado!

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Shall we
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes,
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh? *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV.

Lord H———rc———t.

His breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; that very moment
Conſideration, like an angel, came
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him.

Hen. VI. Act. I.

Lord

Lord H——g——n.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife;—he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible: —the genius of famine! and letcherous as a monkey. *Hen.* IV. *Part* II. Act III.

This is the monſtroſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.

Lady H——n.

Rebellious heat,
If thou can'ſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. *Hamlet*, Act III.

No motion of the palate;
For mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much. *Twelfth Night.*

Lord H——ke.

——Did I not fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion,
I could have made 'em ſkip:—I am old now,
And theſe vile croſſes ſpoil me;—out of breath!
Fie! oh, quite out of breath and ſpent!

Lear, Act V.

Dow. Lady H——we.

That I could ſhift my ſex, and dye me deep
In their oppoſers blood!—But as I may
With *woman's* weapons, piety, and prayers,
I'll aid their cauſe! *Lear*, Act V.

But had he died in this buſineſs, then his
Good report ſhould have been my ſon;
Had I a dozen ſons, each in my love alike,
I had rather eleven die nobly for their country
Then one voluptuous ſurfeit out of action.
Coriolanus, Act I.

Gen——l H——we.

What miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out. *Coriolanus*, Act I.

Counteſs of H——e.

She's a witch, a quean, an old cozening quean:—
Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay;
No doubt, the devil will ſoon have her!
Merry Wives of Windſor.

Gen. H——y——d.

A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. *All's Well*, Act V.

Hon.

Hon. Mr. H——b——t.

Why he will look upon his boot, and ſing;—mend his ruff, and ſing;—pick his teeth and ſing. I knew a man had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a *ſong!*

All's Well, Act II.

Hon. Mrs. H——d——n.

O happy fair,
Your eyes are load ſtars, and your tongue ſweet air,
More tunable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act I.

Mrs. H——b——t.

That woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's accuſation, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

As You Like It, Act IV.

J—n—s H——w—y.

Deviſe wit! write pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Love's Labour Loſt.

L——

I.

L—— I———m.

A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nature can never ſtick; and as with age
His body uglier grows, ſo his mind cankers.

Tempeſt, Act IV.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life is fallen into the ſear—the yellow leaf; and that which ſhould accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I muſt not look to have; but in their ſtead, curſes, not loud, but deep!

Macbeth, Act IV.

Lady J———y.

This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot and moiſt—this hand of your's requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and pray'r
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young, and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels!

Othello, Act III.

Governor John——ne.

———Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecrecy
No lady cloſer: For I will believe

Thou

Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far I will truſt thee.

I. *Henry* IV. Act II.

Let not the heavens hear theſe *tell-tale women!*

Rich. III. Act IV.

Mr. J——k——n.

Such officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but ſqueezing you, and ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Hamlet, Act IV.

Mr. Jek—ll.

If he have *wit* enough left to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn brother:——He wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Much Ado, Act I.

Dr. J——n.

You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth,
'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize!

Mrs.

Mrs. Jod——l.

Oh, were thoſe eyes in heav'n,
They'd thro' the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were the morn!

Romeo and Juliet, Act II.

The late Attempt in Jaffier.

Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſteous perriwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings, I could have ſuch a fellow whipp'd; it out-herod's Herod. *Hamlet.*

K.

Lord K——lly.

O thou art a perpetual triumph! an everlaſting bonfire light! Thou haſt ſaved me many thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drank me, would have bought me lights as cheap at the deareſt chandlers in Europe.—I have maintained that *Salamandar* of your's with fire any time this two and thirty years.——Heav'n reward me for't.

Henry IV. *Part* I. Act. III.

There

There is a fellow, ſomewhat near the door, he
Should be a brazier by his face, for o'my
Conſcience twenty of the dog-days now
Reign in his noſe.

Henry VIII.

Poll K——y.

Admit no other way to ſave his life,
But that you, his ſiſter, muſt lay down the treaſures
Of your body, or elſe let him ſuffer, what would you do?

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act II.

Alderman K——t.

One that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than "Eight ſhillings and ſix-pence, and you are welcome, Sir!" with this ſhrill addition, "Anon, Sir! Anon, Sir! ſcore a pint of Baſtard in the half moon!"

Henry IV. Part I.

L.

Duke of L——ds.

The deareſt friend the kindeſt man,
And one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Merch. of V. Act III.

M—rq—s of L—th—n.

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger, and his thumb,
He held a pouncet box!

Henry IV. *Part* I. *Act.* I.

A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair phyz,
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; mere words, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip.

Othello, Act I.

Marquis of L———y.

Alas, poor *Romeo!* he's already dead, ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye!——run thro' the ear with a love-ſong——and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Romeo and Juliet.

Swords, any thing, he cares not, and the devil come to him, it's all one; look ye yonder neice, is't not a gallant man? Who ſaid I came home hurt? He's not hurt; why this will do Helen's heart good.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act I.

Lord

Lord Le D——ſ——r.

Come! ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry. I was once as virtuouſly given as a gentleman need be.——Went to a bawdy-houſe not above once a quarter of an hour!——but now I live out of all order and compaſs!

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Lord Leg——r.

——Had ſhe been true,
If heav'n wou'd make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

Othello.

Lady S—— L——x.

I do think it is their huſbands
Faults, if wives do fall, that they ſlack their duties:
And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them uſe us well.

Othello, Act IV.

Lord L——n.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.

Merchant of V. Act I.

He is every man in no man! if a throſtle ſing he falls ſtraight a capering: he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. Act. I.

Sir A—— L——

You'll leave you noiſe anon——
Do you take the court for Paris garden?
You rude ſlave leave your gaping.
Henry VIII. Act V.

Col. L——l.

Shall mongrel curs confront the Helicons?
Shall pack horſes, and pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
That cannot travel thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks?* and ſhall good news be baffled?
Let king *Cophetua* know the truth thereof;
And, *Piſtol!* lay thy head in Fury's lap.
Henry IVth, IId *Part*, Acts II. *and* V.

Well didſt thou to ſuppreſs thy voice;
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
Henry VI. Act IV.

Mr. T. Lut——l.

——— Oh! he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act. III.

Sir Watkin Lew—s.

A certain knight that ſwore "*by his honour*" they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was nought: —— Now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were nought, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn. *As You Like It*, Act I.

——— Knighthoods, honours borne,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.

Cymbeline, Act V.

Sir J. L—dd.

——— 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to ſeed: things rank, and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it merely. *Hamlet*, Act I.

Mr. F——— L———.

If I can penetrate her with fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too. *Cymbeline*, Act II.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lem——tre.

——— Beſhrew my very heart;
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or, if if't did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him!

Rom. and Jul. Act. III.

M.

Duke of M——gh.

——— Take phyſic pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heav'ns more juſt!—

Lear, Act III.

Duke of Mont—gu.

——— Every wretch pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,
A largeſs univerſal; like the ſun univerſal,
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

Henry V.

Lord M——ſf——d.

Away, burn all the RECORDS of the realm:
My mouth ſhall be the *parliament* of ENGLAND.

Second Part of Henry VI. Act IV.

——— They vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on

Of

Of theſe exertions; yet the king, our maſter,
Eſcapes not language unmannerly.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Tho' I have acted unlawfully time out of mind,
I am content to be a lawful hangman.

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act IV.

Lord M——ch.

—— Get thee glaſs eyes, and like a ſcurvy politician,
Seem to ſee the things thou doſt not.

Lear, Act IV.

Lady Maccles—d.

'Tis a good lady,—'tis a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads e'er we light on ſuch another herb: indeed, Sir, ſhe is the *ſweet marjoram* of the ſallad, or rather the *herb of grace!*

Lord Molſ—th.

—— Ay, that's a *dolt* indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady, his mother, play'd foul with a *Smith.*

Mrs. M—nt—gue.

—— For in her age
There is a prone, and ſpeechleſs dialect,

Such

Such as moves men! beſides ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe;
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act I.

Lord M—ſ—t.

——— Heaven made him, and therefore let him paſs for *man!* ——— *Merch. V.* Act I.

Lord M—l—ne.

——— Will you have me, lady?
—— No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working days.—Your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day. *Much Ado*, Act II.

Lord M—yn—d.

He plays at quoits well, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg. *Hen.* IV. Part I.

Lord M——t——ris.

Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Taming of the Shrew, Act I.

Lady

Lady L——ſa M——s.

—— A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature—
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on!

Othello, Act I.

Miſs Moleſ——th.

Miſtreſs, know yourſelf! down on your knees,
And thank heaven faſting for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy: love him: take his offer.

As You Like It, Act III.

—— So will I live, ſo die,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſov'reignty.

Midſummer Night's Dream, Act I.

Lady M——ſon.

—— The full ſum of me
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this; ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn, happieſt of all
That ſhe commits herſelf to you to be directed.

Merch. Ven. Act II.

The M—n—ſtry.

You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them.

Merchant of Venice, Act I.

The Min——r.

I can give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV.

Town of M———r.

———— Upon theſe taxations
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers,
And are all in uproar. *Henry* VIII. Act I.

Lady C. M—ſh—m.

The hand that made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair.

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act II.

Sir

Sir W——— M———th.

A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve,
I'll bear him no more *ſticks*. *Tempeſt.* Act II.

Hon. Mrs. E. M——yn.

That I did love the *Moor* to live with him,
My downright violence, and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world.
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
Othello, Act I.

Lady Frances M——rs.

O *Hero!* what an angel had'ſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart;
But fare thee well, moſt foul! moſt fair!
Much Ado, Act IV.

Lady C. M—k—zie.

Love heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Mis-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
This love feel I, but ſuch my froward fate,
That there I love, where moſt I ought to hate!
Romeo and Juliet, Act I.

Lady M'D——ld.

——— Hence, baſhful *cunning!*
And prompt me plain, and holy *innocence!*
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant
Whether you will or no!

Tempeſt, Act III.

Sir Joſ. M—w—y.

His reaſons are as *two grains* of wheat, hid in two buſhels of chaff. You ſhall ſeek all day, ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Merchant of Venice, Act I.

Thou exiſteſt on many thouſand *grains*,
And iſſueſt out of duſt.

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act III.

Sir S—d—y M—d—ws.

——— This gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had incorps'd, and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt. *Hamlet*, Act IV.

Mr.

Mr. Mey——l.

I charge thee, *huntſman*, tender well my *hounds*: ſaw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Glider* made it good at the hedge-corner, at the coldeſt ſcent? I would not loſe the dog for twenty pounds.

Taming the Shrew.

Miſs M——n.

In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wond'rous virtues.

Merchant of Venice, Act I.

Mrs. M——on.

Too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation can I afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome.

Much Ado, Act I.

Miſs M——n.

O, ſhe is ten times more gentle than her father,
Crabbed, and he's compos'd of harſhneſs.

Tempeſt.

J—k M—rs.

Thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough that this no time to lend money upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. *Timon of Athens*, Act II.

Miſs

Miſs Hannah M——re.

Food for worms, brave *Percy:* Fare thee well—
Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
I. *Henry* IV. Act V.

Miſs M——.

The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart; but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena.*——

N.

Duke of N——th——d.

He ſits amongſt men like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming!
Cymbeline, Act II.

Lord N——th.

——————— I profeſs,
That for your highneſs' good I ever laboured
More than my own;
Tho' all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
Tho' perils in the ſtate
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in form more horrid,—yet my duty,

As

As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken your's!

Henry VIII. Act III.

I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Lady N——th.

Marry, ſir, ſhe's a kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.

Comedy of Errors, Act III.

Lord N——g——t.

I come not friend, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is;
But as you know me well, a plain blunt man.

Julius Cæſar, Act III.

Sir F. N — ——n.

————Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of *man*,
So keen and greedy to confound a man!

Merch. V. Act I.

Duke

*D. of New——e.**

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

Winter's Tale.

O.

B. of O——.

You my lord,—biſhop,
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The dove and very ſpirit of peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?

Turning

* The preſent D. of N. when Lord Lincoln had the misfortune to loſe his lady, a moſt amiable woman, in the prime of life; he ſurvived his loſs, but his life has been one ſcene of continued affliction. The trueſt affection to her memory has kept him ſingle, and ſingularly conſtant in obſerving the day of her demiſe (as a faſt) annually, with the deepeſt ſorrow.

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Second Part of Hen. IV.

Lord O———w.

I am no orator, but a plain blunt man;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.

Julius Cæſar, Act III.

I am very proud! revengeful! ambitious! with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.—What ſhould ſuch a fellow as I do crawling between earth and heav'n?

Hamlet, Act III.

Mr. O———r.

When he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Julius Cæſar, Act II.

Dean of Oſ———ry.

I have a reaſonable good ear in muſic;
Let us have the tongs, and the bones.

All's Well, Act IV. Sec. 1.

Mr. O'K———n.

He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you.

Hamlet.

P.

The P———l———t.

You are diſputing of your generals———
One would have lingering war with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.

I. *Henry* VI. Act I.

Duch. of P——t——d.

Diſdain, and ſcorn, ride ſparkling in her eye,
Miſprizing what they look on:—and her *wit*
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her's
All matter elſe ſeems weak.——

Much Ado, Act III.

Lord P——t.

Such a houſe broke,
So noble a maſter fall'n, all gone, and not

One

One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him.

Timon of Athens.

B———p of P———h.

Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
If we have loſt ſo many *tenths* of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one *ten*;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of it up?

Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

Lord Pl—m—th.

Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon,—that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know.

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act I.

Lord P——y.

———By my hopes
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deed.

Henry IV. Act V.

Lady A— P——y.

For having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heav'n here on earth;
And if on earth he does not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n!

Merch. V. Act III.

For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is—if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf,—*wiſe*, *fair*, and *true*,
Shall ſhe be plac'd!

Merchant of Venice, Act II.

G——r P——n——l.

And ſays, if ladies, be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

As You Like It.

Turn and turn again,
Thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Henry VI. Act III.

Sir

Sir Ralph P———ne.

He has been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. O! he has lived long on the alms baſket of words.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Mr. P——s.

Let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them, for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered.

Hamlet.

Q.

D—— of Q———y.

Oh this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk;
Out of my proof I ſpeak, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt, ſweeter to me
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With ſtiff age.

Cymbeline, Act III.

Duke

R.

Duke of R———d.

———So we'll live
And pray and ſing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins, who's in, who's out.
King Lear, Act V.

———In this beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions!—'Tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
Timon of Athens.

Thy deeds, thy plainneſs and thy late exploits
Have made thee lov'd and honour'd of the people:
Join then together for the public good.
In what ye can to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*.
II *Henry* VI. Act I.

M——— of R———m.

How! taxation?
Wherein, and what taxation, my lord?
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Henry VIII. Act I.

Lord

Lord R—w—n

He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the the feats of a lion: he hath better bettered expectation.

Much Ado, Act I.

Lord R——nſ——th.

Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes! call my train together!
Degenerate viper, I'll not trouble thee!

Lear, Act I.

Mr. R——by.

This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a hand of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts;
The quality of the perſons, and the time.

Twelfth Night, Act III.

Come ſing a bawdy ſong to make me merry.

I. *Henry* IV. Act III.

I am known to be a humerous patrician, and that loves a ſup of hot wine, without one drop of alloying *Tiber* in it!

Coriolanus.

Sir

Sir Joſhua R———ds.

That rare maſter, who had he himſelf eternity, and cou'd put breath into his work, wou'd beguile nature of her cuſtom.

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Lord Str—re.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul
Againſt thy mother aught: leave her to heav'n,

Hamlet, Act IV.

Madam Schw——g.

You've ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
By what means got I leave to your own conſcience,
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignity.

Henry VIII. Act III.

Capt. R———r.

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd *Captain!* If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a Captain: —you ſlave!—for what?—for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe.

Henry IV. *Part* II. Act. II.

General

Gen. Rainſ——d.

I am ſo full of buſineſs, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely.—Farewel! *All's Well.*

S.

Duke of St. Alban's.

——————— I am one
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't!

Macbeth, Act III.

Lord S—d—ch.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans!

Merchant of Venice, Act I.

An you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a *catch*. Byr Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well. *Twelfth Night.*

Lord Shelb—ne.

The devil a puritan he is, or any thing conſtantly, but a time pleaſer; an affected aſs, that conſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwaths; — the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that

it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him—love him. *Twelfth Night*, Act I.

—— Now beſhrew my father's ambition;
He was thinking of civil wars when he got me,
Therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide,
With an aſpect of iron, that when I come to
Woo ladies, I fright them. *Henry* V. Act V.

Lord Suff—k.

The gentleman is learn'd; a moſt rare ſpeaker;
To nature none more bound; but he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the *Graces*,
That once were his! *Hen.* VIII. Act I.

If I am not aſhamed of my men, I am a ſowced gurnet; I have miſuſed the king's preſs moſt damnably. *Henry* IV. Act IV.

Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain,
The leaſt of which haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
I. *Henry* IV. Act III.

Lord St——t.

France hath ſign'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods; therefore, it is
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd.
Henry VIII. Act I.

Lord

Lord S——dys.

——— Well ſaid, Lord *Sands!*
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet. *Hen.* VIII.

Lord Suſ—x.

——— Oh, treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence, truſt not your daughters mind
By what you ſee them act! *Othello,* Act I.

Sir G.——e S—v—le.

He was the nobleſt Roman
Of them all: All the conſpirators,
Save only he, did that they did
In envy of great *Cæſar.*
He only in a general honeſt
Thought, and common good to all,
Made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements ſo mixt
In him, that Nature might ſtand up, and ſay
To all the world,—This was a man!

Lady S—t—n.

——— I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparelled like young men,
I prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace.
Cymbeline, Act III.

Lady H. St——pe.

Could *he* get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it! We know his handy-work; therefore, good mother, to whom am indebted for theſe limbs?—Sir *Robert* never helpt to make this leg!

K. John, Act I.

Lady Sp—n—r.

——— Admired *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration's worth,
What's deareſt in the world. Full many a lady
Have I ey'd with beſt regard—but you—Oh! you
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs are created,
Of every creature's beſt. *Tempeſt*, Act III.

Lady Jane Sc—t.

Your date is better in your pye, and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity—your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats drily!

All's Well, Act I.

Lady Ch. S——r.

Go you wild bedfellow! if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot *ſcratch mine ear!*

Lady

Lady A—n Sau——n.

Good Lord, for alliance! 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry,—Heigh, ho! for a huſband!

Much Ado, Act II. Sce. I.

Lord Sh—d—m.

For though we lay theſe honors on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,—
He ſhall bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs.

Jul. Cæſar, Act IV.

G. S——yn, Eſq;

——— But hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art rude, and bold of ſpeech,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear no fault;
But where thou art not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal. *Merch. V.* Act I.

S———r G——l.

O monſtrous treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe, diſſembling guile.

Hen. VI. Act IV.

Mr.

Mr. Saw——e.

Up *Fiſh-ſtreet*, down St Magnes' corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

II. *Hen.* VI. Act IV.

——— He that temper'd thee,
Hath got a voice in hell for excellence;
He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I could never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s! *Henry* V.

Sir J. St—n—y.

He is gracious, if he be obſerv'd: he hath a tear for pity, and a hand as open as day to melting chaſtity. *Hen.* IV. Part II.

Gov. Strat—n.

That it may pleaſe thee leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a *Mourner*;
And preſently repair to Croſby Houſe,
Where after I have ſolemnly interr'd,
At Chertſey monaſtry this injur'd King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.

Rich. III. Act. II.

Lady S———y.

——— If that thy love be honourable,
Then all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II.

Mr.

Mr. Sh——d——n.

That ſtrain again! it had a dying fall;
O! it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour!
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth moving jeſt,
Which he delivers in ſuch gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Love's Labour Loſt, Act II.

Mr. T. Stor—r.

Three fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once, of luſt as *Obedient! Mahu!* of ſtealing, and *Flippertigibbet* of mopping and mowing, who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids, and waiting women.

Lear.

He nimbly capers in a lady's chamber
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.

Rich. III. Act I.

Mr. Hans S——————y.

You are moſt bound to the King
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you; frame yourſelf
To orderly ſolicits, that you in all obey;

Save

Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein be you ſenſeleſs.

Cymbeline, Act II.

Mr. S——l——n.

——————The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

Love's Labour Loſt, Act V.

Mr. S——kes.

I know you're now, ſir, a gentleman born,
Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe *four hours*.

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Mr. Stock——le.

It is certain I am lov'd of *all ladies*, only you excepted.

Much Ado, Act II.

Sir J——n Sk——ner.

Shall I never live to ſee a *batchelor* of threeſcore again? go to i'faith, and thou will needs thruſt thy head into a yoke; wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays.

Much Ado.

Lord

T.

Lord Tem——le.

——Now baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Lear, Act I.

E—— T——b——t.

Art thou any more than a *Steward?* Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhould be no more cakes and ale?

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady T——t.

Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males.

Macbeth, Act I.

Lady Dow. Townſ——d.

She ſhall be buried with her face upward.

Much Ado.

Lord Townſ——d.

I was driven on by my fleſh; and he muſt needs go that the devil drives. I have been, madam,

a wicked creature as you, and all flesh and blood are; and indeed I did marry, that I might repent!

All's Well.

And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of——I am a pepper-corn,——a brewer's horse!—The inside of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Lady T——nst——d.

Alas! what would the wretched *Edgar*, with
The more unfortunate *Cordelia?*
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to *Burgundy!*

Lear, Act I.

Lord T——l.

——Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call those delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapours of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's use!

Othello, Act III.

Lady

Lady B. T——che.

But who dare tell her ſo?
She'd mock me into air! O ſhe would laugh me
out of myſelf! preſs me to death with *wit!*

Much Ado, Act III.

Lo, in theſe windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand that made theſe fatal holes,
And makes me wretched by the death of thee

King Richard III. Act I.

Lord Tor——n.

Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange, unuſual blood.
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good,
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again!
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill marr men.
My dear'ſt lord.

As You Like It.

Lord T——d.

Our general's eyes
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a lady's front.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act I.

L—— T——

Yet mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her.

Cymbeline, Act V.

Earl T——p——e

Is your blood
So madly hot that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe
Can qualify the ſame?

Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

V.

Lord V——.

He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloyſter. For rapes, and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths, and in breaking them is ſtronger than *Hercules*. Drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue.

All's Well, Act IV.

Lord V——e.

Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner!

All's Well that Ends Well.

Lord

Lord Vill——s.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is in his cloaths! Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence.

All's Well, Act II.

Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, bites his lip with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.

Mr. V——n——r.

Why then *taxation*, like a wild gooſe, flies unclaim'd of any man.

As You Like It, Act II.

Earl of W——k.

——Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd.

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

Lord W—ch—ſea.

I am not, couſin, covetous of *gold*;
But if it be a ſin to covet *honour*,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

Act IV.

Whe-

Whether it like me or no, I am a *courtier!*
Seeſt thou not the air of *court* in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the meaſure of the *court?* —Reflect I not on thy baſeneſs *court* contempt? I am a courtier *cap-a-pee.*

Winter's Tale, IV.

Lord W—y—th.

Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the capitol.

Coriolanus, Act II.

I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Lord W—t—n.

Marry, you are the wiſer man in ſaying nothing; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing. To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is in a very tittle of nothing.

All's Well, Act II.

Sir

Sir W. W. W.

Bardolph! am not I fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action?——Do not I bate?——Do I not dwindle?——why my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown!—I am withered like an old apple-john;

Hen. IV. Part I. Act. I.

Lady W——n.

You ſeem to be as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud, ere it be blown;
But you are more intemp'rate in your blood
Than *Venus!*

Much Ado, Act IV.

Why we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know
Their wives have ſenſe like them, they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour:
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Othello, Act IV.

Lady L. W——ld—ve.

The moſt repleniſh'd ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.

Rich III.

Sir

Sir Ed. W——ms.

Yet *Benedict* was ſuch another; and now is he become a man. He ſwore he would never marry, and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he eats without grudging. *Much Ado*, Act III.

Mr. W—kes.

They now paſs by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither give to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot?
Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.

John W——s looking after F——k B—ll.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I ſhould mine own gain'd knowledge much profane,
Should I hold converſe with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my profit. *Othello.*

Dr. W—ſon.

If a man do not erect in this age *his own tomb* ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell ring, and the widow weep.
Much Ado, Act V.

Miſs W—ſt.

——— Make falſe hair, thatch
Your poor thin roof with

Burdens

Burdens from the dead——
And paint till a horſe may mire upon your face.
Timon of Athens.

Pegg— W——n.

Marry, Sir! ſhe's the kitchen wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her dreſs, and the tallow in them, will burn a whole *Poland* winter! *Comedy of Errors.*

Sir J. Wal—ce.

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan* in the ſmoak of war.
A baubling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame, and honour on him!
Twelfth Night.

D-ct-r Wilſ—n.

I am a very fooliſh, fond, old man,
Fourſcore and upward;
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind! *Lear.*

Mother Wind——r.

We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, who live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep—lavity houſe.

Hen. IV.

Y.

A—— of Y——k.

Mark you this, Baſſanio?
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek.
O! what a godly outſide falſehood hath!

Merchant of Venice, Act I.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

FINIS.